

NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL

AND

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY.

Vol. XII., No. 371.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

Price Seven Cents.

The Scholar's Sweetheart.

By EDGAR FAWCETT.

All day he toils with zeal severe
On something learnedly polemic.
From Harvard he returned last year,
With bounteous honors academic.
His parents name him but in praise,
His little sisters quite adore him,
And all the loving household says
Allegiance willingly before him.

What for, us his labor, week by week?
They could not understand,—oh, never!
'Tis something eminently Greek,
'Tis something eminently clever.
But still his task, unfinished yet,
He shapes with industry unflagging,
And writes his treatise that shall set
The heads of noted pundits wagging.

Is it of Homer's doubtful lines?
Or yet some question, subtly finer,
Of whether certain famous wines
Were first obtained from Asia Minor?
Is it of dialects impure?
Is it some long-fought rule of grammar?
Is it old Sanscrit roots obscure?
Is it that wearisome digamma?

But whether this, or whether that,
Through fragrant fields, when work is ended,
While darkly wheels the zigzag bat,
And all the west is warmly splendid,
He steals to meet in loving wise,
With eager steps that do not tarry,
A rosy girl, whose shining eyes
Grow tender as she calls him "Harry."

What altered thoughts can she awake,
This pearl of sweethearts, best and fairest!
And what a contrast does she make
To "Comments on the Second Aorist!"
So strongly round him can she throw
Her dazzling spells of sweet retention,
'Tis doubtful now if he could go
Correctly through his First Declension.

For while near mossy meadow bars,
With spirit thrilled by sacred pleasures,
He lingers till the dawn of stars,
He lingers by the girl he treasures,
This grave young scholar scarcely knows
If Hector was a fighting seaman,
If lofty Pindar wrote in prose,
Or Athens lay in Lacedæmon! —*Harper's Magazine.*

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

How we Learn, How we Teach, and How we Ought to Teach.

By B. A. BROOKS, A. M.

II. HOW WE TEACH.

Having seen how we learn in the natural way in childhood—by the pleasurable, intuitive exercise of the senses and faculties upon the objects of nature and human life around us—let us glance at the method pursued when the child is sent to school; for he never would go of his own free will, though there is nothing so natural and pleasurable to the young as learning. Here then *a priori*, something must be wrong in the school system, for it is contrary to nature. In the first place, the individual is annihilated. He has heretofore, been John or James, one of a family, of contrasting character and personality and has

been treated always individually. In school, he is one of a class. His mental and moral characteristics are ignored, personal contact of his mind with that of the teacher is out of the question. He is put into the mill with other pieces of marble of varying shape and size, and all are ground out perfectly rounded marbles, all alike—as far as it is possible to obliterate the qualities of nature. This is the much vaunted graded-school system, or as we once heard a certain school functionary express it, "degraded schools."

Secondly, the child passes from the rule of love to the reign of law, under a code which he had no voice in framing, administered always in an arbitrary and irresponsible manner, and often tyrannically and unjustly,—children are keen judges of justice and we little know how often and how deeply their innate sense of right is violated to the overthrow of all ideas of a divine order in the affairs of the world. So called order, school discipline—is everything; genuine instruction, the drawing out of the faculties of the individual mind—is the last thing. The performing of meaningless evolutions, a regard for marks and grades, is the absorbing subject in the mind of the teacher and pupil. The training of the mind and body for their life—uses is lost sight of and forgotten.

After three-fourths of the efforts of teachers and pupils is exhausted in school discipline—a very different thing from mental discipline—the remainder is devoted to teaching, so-called, the imparting of a certain kind of information supposed to be useful, by advancing each pupil in the class to a specified page of a specified book. This is the goal held up for the ambition of teacher and pupil. That this study has any practical application to the affairs of life outside of the school-room, the pupil generally has no idea. He is taught the operations of Arithmetic, the qualities of abstract numbers, the tables of weights and measures, without any knowledge of their practical use, beyond a general assurance of the fact. He is taught to spell and read words of whose meaning he has not the slightest idea and in which he cannot take the least interest. He is taught Geography—the political divisions, government and productions of the various countries of the world, long lists of meaningless and unimportant names, without any knowledge of the physical and natural features of the earth which make geography—the world to him being a colored page in a tear-stained book—his first lesson in the "description of the earth's surface" being an abstruse fact of Astronomy. And last and most of all he is taught grammar—the so-called science of the language, before he knows the primary facts of the language itself, its use, meaning, etymology, history, or derivation. What more senseless exercise of the young mind than parsing a sentence of Young or Milton when the pupil has never read a line of those or any other poets, and cannot understand them when he does. First the language, then its science, is the verdict of reason and experience. Meantime what does the pupil learn of the most practical and important objects of life,—how to use his eyes and ears, his hands and muscles, of the laws of his own body and mind, of the ever wonderful and interesting operations of nature, of the occupations of man, of the industrial and mechanic arts, of geology, mineralogy, chemistry, botany—from nature, not from books—of history, his own government, biography and character of leading men, of art and literature, of the best works of poetry and fiction for young minds; and last but not least, of manners and morals. School teaching is not education—drawing out—but pouring in! not discipline but useless mental gymnastics! not development according to the laws of the mind, but cramming against the protest of na-

ture. But nature's protest will be heard. The child protests every day of his school life, and then speedily forgets what little the overburdened memory has acquired.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

A Visit to the National Kindergarten at Washington.

"What day is it to-day, children?" the teacher inquired, after they were all seated at 11:15 o'clock.

"It is Tuesday."

"What occupation have we to-day?"

"The laying tablets."

"Why do we call them laying tablets, Munson?"

"Because they cannot stand up good."

"Like what else, that we played with yesterday?"

"Like the blocks."

"Yes, the blocks can sit or stand on each of their six faces."

A little cube was covered with six various colored square tablets and shown to the class.

"What part of the cube does one of these little tablets cover?"

"The face of the cube."

"Douglass, describe the tablet to me."

"The tablet has two faces, four edges and four corners."

"Very good. Coyetano, what do you wish to say?"

"The tablet has four equal edges and four equal corners." "Yes, they must be equal, or its shape would not be, what, Bessie?"

"Not be square."

The children were now made to point out any square objects in the room. Then each child had the cube presented to him, with the question—

"Which face of the cube will you have?"

They answered according to their wishes, the upper, lower, front, back, right and left one, and as fast as one was taken off, it was replaced.

"You may all lay it before you in such a way as to cover exactly one space of the squares on the table."

Then each child received another one.

"Now lay your tablets so that face touches face."

Those of the new scholars have to look at the experienced ones, so as to understand what they are to do.

"Now let the edges of your tablets touch. What is it now, Emma?"

"It is an oblong."

"Why is it not a square now? Count the corners and edges. Four, just like one of our tablets. Well, Daisy?"

"The edges are not equal; two are longer than the other two."

"You have had your right and left edges touch, now change their position, let the upper and lower edges touch. What is it now, Harry?"

"It is a vertical oblong."

"Yes, before it was a horizontal oblong. Now the corners shall touch. Try each one to do it in a different manner, and I will copy them on the board."

This was a very interesting process to the children.

"This time corners may touch edges. Now you shall each have six more to make anything you like, but you must tell me what part of your tablets touches. I am coming round to see what pretty things you have made. I only wish we had some of Mr. Milton's Tablet Paper, then we could paste just what you made on a piece of card board for you to take home. I think I will have to send for some.* What have you made, Addie?"

"Some steps."
 "Where may they lead to?"
 "Up to the nursery."
 "Baby is sleeping there, let us go up on tip-toe. Oh, he is awake, playing with his tiny fingers, we will play with ours and sing about the five little children, by and bye. What! has Blanche made, steps, too? but they are double steps. Where do they lead to?"
 "To our front door."
 "Certainly, baby has had a nice ride, now he is coming home quite sleepy and hungry. We too, want our lunch pretty soon. What has Harry made?"
 "I have made a train of cars, all the edges touch."
 "Where is your train going to, East, West, North or South?"
 "North, where grandma lives."
 "Let us go with you to spend a week in the country, it is getting warm here; now. Over there is north, towards these windows; change the position of your train, it was going West, the way you had it. What has Ellen made?"
 "I have made a cross, all the edges touch."
 "Is it a gold cross to wear, or a marble cross?"
 "It is a marble cross in a grave yard."
 "Who is buried there?"
 "My grandfather."
 "What did I tell you we must leave behind, if we want our friends to remember us?"
 "A good name."
 "Repeat the verse."
 "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," etc.
 "But what has Eva, here?"
 "A cross; edges and corners touch."
 "It is very pretty. It must be a filigree silver one, we will give it to mamma for a Christmas present. Well, well, here is a flag, a chair, a table, a pigeon house, a bridge, an arched doorway."
 "No, it is a church window," exclaimed the little fellow who made it.
 Minnie, after many efforts, had her little tablets stand up, so as to form a cube.
 Rudolph has four circus tents and Harvey has the same, Willie and Eddie are partners and have made a very pretty form of beauty. Nora has made a circle of six of her tablets. Two are outside.
 "This is Mary and her little lamb, and that is the school house," she explained.
 A few others had forms of beauty, made systematically and perfect. But now it is almost twelve o'clock, and the tablets are all put face to face in a little pile and taken up.
 "Before we have our lunch we will have to sing of the five little children."
 All sit up straight, and drumming with one hand upon the other, they suit the action to the words and sing—
 Five little children climbed up a tree,
 Higher and higher, you hardly can see,
 They climbed so high, so high, so high!
 Down they fell, into a ditch close by,
 Let us go and help them out.
 Poor little things, what were you about?
 Here we are again, you see,
 Thankful to you, as thankful can be,
 And if ever again we climb up a tree,
 We'll try to be careful as careful can be.
 The hands clapped at the last word. Then "Ten little children," etc. As the words "Let us go and help them out," both hands whirl around each other, so as to afford an excellent exercise and great amusement to the children.
 The lunch baskets were now brought in by one of them, and given to the one, who holding up a hand, recognized it as his or hers. When all had their lunch before them, they were required to sit back for a moment so quiet, that the ticking of the clock could be heard, then the bell was tapped, and gleefully they opened their baskets, spread out their napkins, began to eat their lunch which seemed not unlike a social party.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Questions and Answers in English Literature.

By LIZZIE P. LEWIS
 (Continued from Sept. 28th)

121. When was Ben Jonson born? In 1574, a few days after the death of his father, who was a clergyman.
 122. What first brought him into public notice? His play, "Every Man in His Humor," acted in 1598, by a
 * Milton, Bradley & Co., Springfield, Mass.

company of whom Shakespeare was a member.

123. Did his plays bring him anything more substantial than fame? Very little else; he was appointed poet-laureate in 1619, but the salary was small and poorly paid.
 124. When did he die? August 6, 1637, and was buried in an upright posture in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey. The inscription on his tombstone is "O Rare Ben Jonson!"
 125. What religious writer comes next? Jeremy Taylor, born in Cambridge, in 1613, Bishop of Down and Connor in Ireland, where he died in 1667, aged 55 years.
 126. By what works is he best known? His "Holy Living and Dying," "Life of Christ," and "Golden Grove."
 127. What great genius are we to consider next? John Milton, born in London, December 9, 1608.
 128. What can you tell me of his early tastes? When only twelve years of age he would sit up over his books until past midnight; he was passionately fond of music, and when only a boy could write capital verses in Greek and Latin.
 129. What was his first poem published? The "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," written in his twenty-first year.
 130. What succeeded to this? "L'Allegro," "Il Penseroso," "Comus," and "Lycidas," all written between 1632 and 1638.
 131. What happened to him in 1653? He became totally blind.
 132. In what year was "Paradise Lost" written? In 1655.
 133. How much did he receive for it? Only eighteen pounds.
 134. What was the date of his death? November, 1674. He was buried in St. Giles' Church, Cripplegate.
 135. Did he write any other works except those above mentioned? Yes; "Italian Sonnets," "Paradise Regained," "Samson Agonistes," and many prose works.
 136. Who was Samuel Butler? He was the son of a small farmer in Worcestershire, and was born in 1612.
 137. For what was he famous? For his poem of "Hudibras," the best burlesque poem in the English language.
 138. What is the subject of the poem? The adventures, loves, quarrels and misfortunes of Sir Hudibras, a Puritan Knight and his servant, are presented in a most ludicrous light.
 139. What was the fate of the writer? He died obscurely in Rose street, Covent Garden. London, in 1680, after suffering deeply from disappointed hopes and the broken promises of his political friends.
 140. What very different character shall we next consider? John Bunyan, the son of a tinker, born near Bedford, in 1628.
 141. What was his character in his youth? He was most godless and profligate. But happily, he married when only nineteen, a young woman of great virtue and piety and through her influence he was greatly changed. In 1656, he began to preach to a Baptist congregation in Bedford, having been a member of that church for three years.
 142. What happened to him in 1660? He was arrested as a holder of Conventicles, which were then unlawful, and was sent to Bedford jail where he remained twelve years.
 143. What did he do while there? He wrote the "Pilgrim's Progress," a book second only to the Bible.
 144. What did he do after regaining his liberty? He preached in Bedford and London for sixteen years, until he died in the latter city in 1689, and was buried in Bunhill Fields Cemetery.
 145. Can you tell me of any other religious writer of about the same time? Richard Baxter, born in 1615, in Shropshire, England.
 146. By what books is he best known? "The Saint's Everlasting Rest," and "A Call to the Unconverted."
 147. When did he die? In 1691, December 8th.
 148. When was John Dryden born? August, 1631, in Northamptonshire.
 149. What were his chief works? The "Indian Emperor," and "Conquest of Granada," were his chief plays. The "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day, generally known as Alexander's Feast," is his finest lyrical poem.
 150. When did he die? May 1, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.
 151. What philosophical writer may be mentioned now? John Locke, born in 1632, near Bristol, and educated at Oxford.
 152. What is the title of his great work? "An Essay Concerning Human Understanding, the result of nearly twenty years laborious thought.

153. How did he die? Full of faith and joy, in 1704.

154. What remarkable story-teller lived about the same date? Daniel Defoe, born in 1661, died in 1719.
 155. For what is he celebrated? For his story of "Robinson Crusoe."
 156. When was Joseph Addison born? In 1672, in Milston, where his father was rector.
 157. Is he famous as a writer of prose or poetry? Of prose, which appeared in the "Tatler and Spectator," such as the "Vision of Mirza," and "Sir Roger de Coverly's Visit to London."
 158. What more do you know of him? He married the dowager Countess of Warwick in 1716, and took up his abode in the Holland House, Kensington, but the marriage was not a happy one. He died in 1719, saying to his son-in-law, as he lay on his death bed, "See how a Christian can die."
 159. Where was Sir Isaac Newton born? In Lincolnshire in 1642.
 160. For what was he remarkable in his childhood? For his great taste in the construction of model windmills and water-clocks; but his progress in his studies was very slow until one day the boy next above him in his class kicked him in the stomach, which so aroused Isaac's energies that he worked hard until he took rank above his injurer.
 161. In what language were his principal works written? In Latin, though the first edition of his work on "Optics" appeared in his own tongue.
 162. What can you say of his life? It was probably more fruitful in great scientific discoveries than that of any other man of ancient or modern times. His life closed at Kensington in 1727, when he had passed his eighty-fourth year.
 163. Who started the first English newspaper worthy of the name? Richard Steele, born in Dublin in 1675. He founded the "Tatler," April 12, 1709, which was published three times a week at a penny a copy.
 164. What can you say of Steele's wit? It was fresh and natural. He wrote many comedies, the most successful of which was "The Conscious Lovers."
 165. What finally became of him? Being heavily in debt, he gave up all he had to his creditors and retired to Wales, where he died in 1729.

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

Educational Mass Meeting.

At the last meeting of the Ohio State Teacher's Association, the defects of our country schools were discussed and these defects generally conceded. To bring about reform of a practical character, a section of the association was appointed to discuss the wants of these country ungraded schools and to devise plans—to bring reform—in the best possible way. The Executive Committee of that section, of which Hon. J. J. Burns, State Commissioner, is chairman, has decided to hold Educational Mass Meetings in each Congressional District, where these plans shall be discussed by teachers, school officers and the public generally; these to be supplemented by a grand State Educational Mass Meeting at Columbus, during the month of January, 1879, to petition the Legislature then, and in the meantime, to work upon the astute law-maker, and spread before his intellectual horizon, the needs of the hour, the way to get them by proper legislation, unifying and systemizing the laws now in force and giving the State supervision of the best sort, that which has proven the best in other States.
 The first of these, was a rousing meeting of four hundred and fifty teachers, school officers and parents, at Marysville, Ohio, October 19, 1878. The meeting was addressed by His Excellency, Governor R. M. Bishop; Dr. Payne, President of the Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware; Hon. R. W. Stevenson, Superintendent of Columbus Schools; Professor Campell, of Delaware Schools; Superintendent Cole, of Marysville Schools; Professor Huling, Principal of High Schools.
 Discussions opened by William Callihan, of Mechanicsburg Schools, G. W. Snyder, of the St. Paris Schools, A. E. Huling and others. The addresses and discussions were lively and interesting, and were listened to by the large audience attentively.
 The Legislature was petitioned by four hundred and sixty-nine names. May the good cause move on, other districts at the call of the Executive Committee—move—and keep the ball rolling until every district in the State shall feel the influence, and that vast army of 23,000 teachers and 40,000 school officers of the State shall hear something new, and find out that what drops is the old ambiguous school law, and may a better be framed, which shall secure "unity of plan, supervision of work," and better results, with the same money.
 G. W. S.

The Two Dreams.

BY JOHN R. DENNIS.

CHAPTER I.

The first thing little Silas Washburn remembered was the shop where his father chopped up meat, and the dogs that came in to get the bones; there was one great black dog that came every day with a basket and his father put meat in the basket for him to carry home, always giving the dog a piece to eat. Silas could remember the room where he stayed with his mother and that he sometimes went into the shop; but he remembered that when he did, his father spoke very cross to him. He remembered feeling afraid of his father, for sometimes he would come in and speak very loud to his mother. As he grew older he remembered that he used to go on errands for his mother, and especially one time that he was sent over to Mr. Jones' saloon for his father, as a gentleman had come for some meat. He found him standing up before a sort of counter with another man and each had a glass in his hand, and behind the counter was Mr. Jones in his shirt sleeves, and behind him, were rows of bright bottles. He remembered that his father could hardly walk home, and when he had arrived at the shop he was just able, with the help of his mother, to cut the meat for the gentleman; and that then he went and threw himself on the bed and slept for many hours. He remembered he was frightened and asked his mother:

"What is the matter with father, is he sick?"

And that his mother only said, "Hush, hush."

Silas pondered over the matter a great deal without any satisfactory conclusion, until he began to go to school. The first day he sat on a bench with a great many other little children, and they had a teacher who wore spectacles and spoke very cross to them and made them sit still and not swing their feet. After a while they were all sent out doors, and the boys ran around and shouted; then a stout boy came up to him and said:

"What's your name, hey?"

"Silas Washburn."

"Oh, I know, your father's a drunkard," and then ran off, leaving little Silas in an awful mystery.

"What is a drunkard?" he said to his mother, when he went home.

"Why, my dear?"

"A boy at school says father is a drunkard."

He remembered his mother went quickly out into the bedroom without answering his question. He remembered that not long after, two men came in bringing his father, who appeared unable to walk. Seeing his terror, one of the men, intending to be kind to him, said—

"Oh, he is only drunk, bub."

Things began to get plainer to him. About this time he commenced attending the Sunday School and the church. He tried sometimes to cut the meat if his father was not there, and had made up his mind to be a butcher, too. Then he noticed that his father was less and less at the shop; and more at the saloon. He went every day to Mr. Jones' kitchen door with the best pieces of meat, but never got any money; while, when he went to other places, they paid him, or else it was charged to them. One day, after concluding his father had forgotten to send Mr. Jones' bill, he said:

"Mr. Jones must owe you a lot; I've carried more meat there than any where else."

"You shut up and go in the house."

Silas was astonished; he determined to have his mother solve the mystery; and he found out that the meat went to pay for the whiskey his father drank daily at Mr. Jones' bar.

As the years went on, Silas saw still more clearly how things went. He feared his father more and more, for he saw he was oftener drunk, and more cross than ever. Then he saw that there was less and less meat hanging on the hooks. Then he heard his father speak of another meat shop that had just been opened by Hugh Watson, who had once worked for him; he was very angry at that. He said Hugh had taken away his best customers. Silas also thought it was a mean thing for Hugh to do. Not long after this, the owner of the house came and said

"I cannot rent this shop to you any more, Mr. Washburn. You are getting worse and worse."

So they moved into a small, rough room in an old house, and they often had no food to eat, for his father was now all the time at Jones' saloon. One day he was returning from school when he met his Sunday School teacher, Miss Anna Day. She had a large bundle in her hand and asked him to carry it home for her; and gave him ten cents for carrying it. This was the first money he had ever earned; he looked at it with delight and ran swiftly home and gave it to his mother. She was very much pleased, and said—

"I hope you thanked Miss Anna, for she is very kind. You will have to try and earn some money, for we have no bread. You are only six years old, I know, but you must earn something, or we shall starve!"

"Shall I have to leave school?"

"Yes, I fear so."

"But what became of the money that Mrs. Sinclair gave you for washing yesterday?"

"Your father took it."

"But what does he do with it? Why does he not buy flour with it?"

"I suppose he pays it to Mr. Jones."

"But he ought not to give your money to him."

"Hush, hush!"—for here was heard the heavy step of Mr. Washburn ascending the stairs. He pushed open the door and it was plain he was half drunk, and very angry.

"Got any money?"

"Silas has just earned ten cents—but don't take it; we have not a cent to buy a loaf of bread."

"Give me the money, I say!"

Snatching the dime, he reeled off, to return in an hour, still more intoxicated.

Silas went hungry to bed, but not to sleep. He thought as only a child could think, with a dim understanding of the case, and with terror. He felt that his father was wicked and mean; he wondered why he should do as he did. He determined he would never go to Mr. Jones' saloon. He meant to earn more ten cent pieces. He would put them in the bank as one of the Trustees had said, until there was a great many of them. He would buy a house and his mother should live in it. Then he fell asleep to dream a very singular dream. He thought he was down by the bank of the creek, and that he was walking in the narrow foot path, when he saw a ten cent piece lying right before him. He joyfully picked it up and put it in his pocket; looking down the path he saw a man with a broad brimmed hat on and on looking closely, he saw he was beckoning to him. He ran forward and saw the stranger pointing to the ground; there was another dime. This he put in his pocket, and there was another, and another—but he awoke. It was morning. The dream was so real that he searched his pockets for the bright pieces of money—but alas! there was none. He now remembered how hungry he was, and hastily got up and went out. There were but a few persons in the street. Near the corner was an elderly gentleman with a broad brimmed hat on, and strange enough, he beckoned to him. Silas went forward rather timidly.

"Does thee know a good woman to work for me?"

"My mother can come, I guess."

"What is thy name?"

"Silas Washburn."

"Thy father kept the meat shop, I think. Where is he now? I fear he spends his all at the saloon yonder."

Then giving the lad ten cents and bidding him tell his mother that "John Evans wants her help," he struck his heavy cane on the pavement, and departed—leaving Silas in a state of amazement, for surely he had seen the same man in his dream.

He bought a loaf of bread at the bakery and went home with it, and told his mother the curious dream and the man he had seen. Mrs. Washburn took Silas up with her to the Quaker's mansion, for there were busy times there, a wedding was soon to take place. John Evans paid them well for their work, but he said—

"I will pay thee no money, but food and clothes—that will not get into Samuel Jones' till."

The years rolled sadly along for the Washburns. The father was often brought home drunk. Not long after, he had the *delirium tremens*, or shaking fits. One afternoon he came home, wildly raving. Mrs. Washburn had been washing some clothes and had hung them on the rope in the yard—among them was a long, white sheet that flapped in the wind. Mr. Washburn had thrown himself on the bed, talking, muttering, swearing and now and then shrieking. He raised himself up and caught sight of the sheet.

"Oh! hide me! put in the closet! Death, on his white horse has come!" and the poor man crept into a small, dark room nor could he be got out again until the doctor came. He was sick a few days and then died.

It was a sad funeral; the wife and child were the only mourners, and they could not be very sorry, for the father had been very unkind as long as they could remember. They returned and sat by the fire, for it was a cold November day. Silas was now eleven years old. The schooling he had received had been of real service; he wanted to go still more to school, but he had learned that he must not only take care of himself, but of his mother. He went to bed to lie awake and think of the new phase of life upon which he had entered. What should he do? He determined to go and see the good Quaker, and when thinking of this, he fell asleep, and as before, he dreamed; and this was what seemed real as life:

There was an auction of a house, and many people had come to see and hear. It was a big, pretty house, too: painted white; and there was a barn and a garden; just such a house as he wished he lived in, and the auctioneer stood up in a wagon and said:

"What do I hear for this house and lot of land. It is the best in the town, what will you give?"

Then he thought the bidding went on, and as others bid, he also bid, and finally the auctioneer said—

"Going, going, gone for one thousand dollars, to Mr. Silas

Washburn."

Then he put his hand into his pocket and there was money; it seemed all natural and right, as it often does in our dreams, and he counted it out and paid it, and he was so filled with pleasure that he awoke—the house, the people, the wagons, were all gone. There was only the old patched ceiling above him, and the old patched walls around him. But, somehow, he felt brighter. He knew it was only a dream, but it filled him with pleasure.

"I will own such a house, some day," he said to himself.

As before, he arose and went out; as before, it was early in the morning. He walked up the street, and, somehow, he went toward the Quaker's house. At some distance behind the house, stood a mill where woolen cloth was made, and the creek turned the wheel. In the yard, was the Quaker with his broad brimmed hat on, and his cane in his hand.

"Good morning, Silas Washburn, I hear thy father is dead. Well, he did little good in the world. Perhaps it is better he is out of it. Now what art thou to do? Wouldst thou like to work in my mill? I want a boy, and was thinking of thee; and thy mother, I think, can work, too folding cloth."

The Quaker's eyes twinkled, for he must have known it would be delightful news to the poor lad.

"I shall give thee ten cents a day, and thou and thy mother, shall live with me. Go now, see what she thinks of it."

Right glad were the widow and her son to work for Quaker Evans.

The work in the mill began at five in the morning and ended at six at night. Then Silas washed himself with soap and water, and brushed his hair neatly, and went to supper. In the winter the lamps were lighted and the rooms warmed, and every one must be in his place promptly, for John Evans was always at the door at five o'clock. Silas learned how to keep the machinery clean, how the wool was picked and put into rolls, and then into cloth, and finally, dyed of different colors. He was an observing boy. He saw how all the machinery was operated, how one wheel turned another, by cogs or band. He found out that a large wheel made a small one go fast; if it was twice as large, it made it go twice as fast, if three times as large, it made it go three times as fast. He learned how the curious looms were made; so that half the threads went up and half went down, while the shuttle went through, drawing a thread along crosswise; that then the lower long threads warp went up and the upper ones come down, and back went the shuttles, doing the weaving. He learned how to tighten the belts, how to tie the broken threads or twist them together. The Quaker watched him closely. He would not let his workmen spend their time in talking.

"If thou must stop, thou shalt sit down, but thee must not talk; thou mayest think."

This he repeated so many times that the "hands," as the people called them, knew it by heart—John Evans never called them hands—he said my workmen, workwomen. The Quaker knew that the basis of his creed was in deep consideration—he knew that the great talker was a little doer, and he resolutely determined to enforce steady habits of industry. And he was as earnest that every one should lay up money and grow rich if possible. Some of the people left money with the Quaker; if so, he gave them interest. Silas determined to do this. At the end of the first week he went into the office to get his pay. The proprietor stood with his hat on, and as Silas stood abashed at the door, he beckoned to him as he had had seen in his dream; as he came up, he pointed to the floor and there was a dime. As he stooped to pick it up the Quaker accidentally dropped those he held in his hand and Silas was singularly affected when he remembered how like it was to his curious dream.

(To be Continued.)

IN RESPONSE to an invitation from eminent citizens of New York, General L. P. di Cesnola has consented to deliver a course of four lectures on "Cyprus: Its Ancient Art and History," at Chickering Hall, on the evenings of November 7, 14, 21, and 27. The lectures are to be illustrated with specimens from the collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City. It scarcely necessary to say that such an opportunity to gain information on the works of the ancient Assyrians, Phoenicians, Greeks, and Egyptians—most of them extending several centuries farther back than the close of the Bible times—is very rare. The prospectus already issued contains cuts of objects intended to illustrate the first lecture; which objects belong to Phoenician workmanship, with more or less intermingling of Egyptian design. Proposals have been made to secure this or a similar course of lectures for Philadelphia.

If you want to learn Russian, so as to read Turgeneff and Tolstoy in the original, buy the new Russian "Ollendorf" which Houghton, Osgood & Co. are to publish.

MR. HENRY HOE, agent in this city for Joseph Gillott & Sons, the well-known pen makers of Birmingham, England, has just arrived from a lengthened visit to Europe.

New York School Journal,

AND

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTORY.

NO. 17 WARREN STREET, NEW YORK.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

BY
E. L. KELLOGG & CO.,

AMOS M. KELLOGG, EDITOR.

WILLIAM H. FARRELL, BUSINESS AGENT.

WILLIAM F. KELLOGG, SUBSCRIPTION AGENT.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

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The *SCHOOL JOURNAL* can be obtained of any news-dealer in the United States. The American News Company of New York, general agent.

We want an agent in every town and village in the U. S. to whom we will pay a liberal commission.

The columns of the *JOURNAL* are open for the discussion of subjects pertaining to education. Let those who have practical skill communicate to others.

Should this paper by any means come into the hands of one not a subscriber, we ask you (1) to consider it a special invitation to subscribe; (2) to hand it to a teacher or other person who is interested in education, and urge him to take it also.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1878.

This paper may fall into the hands of some one not a subscriber, as we endeavor to reach such by sending out extra copies. We beg him carefully to consider:

1. That no teacher can do justice to his pupils without a thoughtful study of the principles and practice of Education—the main themes of this paper; the truly illuminated minds ask for "more light"—the dying words of the great Goethe.
2. That the views and methods of the most successful educators in the country are found in its pages; and they are indispensable to one who aims to be a first class teacher.
3. That the expenditure of four cents a week will be a real economy—for you will be better prepared, more energetic and attractive as a teacher, and every pupil under your charge will feel it.

WHAT gives pre-eminence to the Empire State that has on its proud banner—Excelsior? Long ago it was declared that "men, make the State." The pupils in the schools are uniformly taught this doctrine by the speakers who visit them. It is true and orthodox doctrine. Those who are engaged day by day in endeavoring to impress it upon the growing generation are doing the noblest and truest work done upon the earth. They are preaching a gospel on week days in a way that will be heard, and they will have a sure reward. But, stop, what is this? "A gentleman of experience and fine attainments in Orange County, is paid \$8.00 per week and teaches 32 weeks per year." This gives him \$256 per year on which to support himself, wife and child! This is a reward! It is a fair sample too, understand. We know of a lady who has taught 19 years and has piles of testimonials, and her wages were reduced to \$13 per month! Why, the Missionary Board gives better pay to those who go to teach the heathen. Do not talk about progress in education when such things as these exist in this country, that owes its greatness to education. It is a grand ailure! No one has a right to buy human brains so cheap!

On the other side it is a wonder that the teachers endure it. Good friends, will you listen to us a moment? Instead of enduring it, why not devise a remedy. A remedy exists; it may take time and effort to reach it—but we believe two things most firmly, (1), that the schools can be improved, and (2), the teachers' remuneration can be raised to a decent point. And we shall use some of our space to set forth our plans. Let those who read, weigh the points made, and let us hear your views. Let the light shine in on this subject. If you do not propose to teach but one term, as is probably the case, do not settle down and leave this giant wrong unrighted.

HAVE not some of our readers forgotten to remit the \$2.00 for their subscription? Kind friends, a prompt remittance renders us happy. The publishers do not like to dun you, therefore send it in by registered letter at once; and at that time write to us. "Brief let me be," but we want you to individualize yourselves.

"THE *JOURNAL* is indispensable to the teacher," is the language of many letters. We intend it shall be; we make it not for show but for service. In a year it amounts to eight volumes (of usual size), of three hundred pages each, and all on education. These are really worth \$8.00 to any one engaged in teaching instead of \$2.00. These cover all subjects, Kindergarten, Primary Teaching, etc., etc.

The Present System.

What do you mean by the "present system," said a gentleman who had called to talk over matters.

"I mean the system of selecting teachers by men who have no idea what a good teacher is or what a good school is, and could not tell when they should see one or the other. In this city for example, each Trustee takes his turn at appointing. "Now it is my turn," says A; and "now it's my turn," says B.

"Why do not the teachers complain?" said the visitor. "They dare not. Note this letter: 'Being a teacher, I cannot sign my own name to an article censuring the present administration; it would cost me my place; and I cannot afford to lose it.'"

"Of what do they complain?"

"That anybody is allowed to be school officer or commissioner, and about anybody being allowed to teach—or do what is called teaching. The more observing complain of what is served out to the children as teaching. Two-thirds of those who get places to teach, do not intend to stay in the business but a short time—a term, a year or perhaps two years."

"But that is the fault of the teacher."

"On the contrary, it is the fault of the school officer. He should select skilled workers, and thus encourage permanence. The effect of this is most disastrous on wages. The teachers are on an average, paid less than the servant-girls."

"These things are all true, but it never struck me so forcibly before; now I see why there is such dissatisfaction with the schools."

William Wood, LL.D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

On Monday the 21st, occurred the seventieth birthday of the Hon. William Wood, the venerable President of the Board of Education. The pupils of the Normal College, did not forget the day, but sent him a beautiful basket of flowers. The clerks at the Hall of the Board also took the opportunity to show their appreciation of his delightful, old-fashioned civility, by sending a fine collection of flowers. Mr. William Oland Bourne, the Record Clerk, expressed his high esteem for this good and great man, in an appropriate sonnet, which we have been permitted to copy.

On the Anniversary of his 70 Birthday.

In years long past, when Youth's elastic feet,
Were wont in Scotia's classic halls to tread,
And thou hadst learned the story to repeat
In grand old epics for the ages spread—
When thou hadst climbed the heights, and overheard
The azure bent, the silver clouds below—
E'en then no "second sight" thy fancy led
Upon thy path so pure a light to throw,
Or dream, that in thy three score years and ten
The golden wedlock of thy life should be
In our New World to live thy youth again;
With heart elastic as thy step, to go
And in the path of Truth thy feet have trod
To win young spirits bright through wisdom up to God.
Oct. 21, 1878. WM. OLAND BOURNE.

We rejoice with all that know President Wood, that he has reached this stage in life's journey in health and strength. He is an ornament to our Public School System. He has given many of his best years in its behalf, and there is to-day no more enthusiastic and earnest visitor among the schools than he. We trust he will long be continued in his beneficent work in behalf of the youth of this metropolis.

THE Teachers' Association, held its October entertainment, at Chickering Hall, on Friday afternoon, October 25th. The exercises consisted of Organ Recitals by S. B.

Whitely, from Schubert, Verdi, Bach, and Liszt, and Select Recitations, by Albert J. Knight: "The Chase," from the Lady of the Lake; "The Editor's Guests," "Parrhassius and the Captive," "Biddy McGinnis at the Photographer's," also Historical Costume Impersonations, from Richard III, Othello, Mark Anthony, Cardinal Wolsey, and Hamlet. There was a crowded house and perfect satisfaction.

BOOK DEPARTMENT.

GREENLEAF'S SHORTER COURSE IN GEOMETRY. Boston, Robert S. Davis & Co.; New York, Baker, Pratt & Co. Price, 72 cents.

There are many students whose time in school is too limited to admit of taking up and mastering an extended course of geometry; they wish to get more than they can find in any arithmetic, and more than it would be proper to insert in any book of that kind, but have not the time, or the inclination perhaps, to discuss more than the elements of the subject. And again, there are many young ladies who would be frightened at the thought of attempting the study of a treatise such as their brothers in college are pursuing, but who can learn the mere elementary propositions with profit and pleasure. Also there are many in these times with whom the price of a book is a subject of consideration.

For all these classes a book that contains all the more important theorems and problems of the science in a compact and economical form, is well adapted.

And such the work before us appears to be; it consists of six Books, four of Plane and two of Solid Geometry; at the end of each of the books there are exercises for original thought on review. And at the end of the whole, there are numerous practical applications in Mensuration.

This is not wholly a new work, but it is based upon the well-known "Elements" by the same author; so that it may be said to consist of the essential problems, whose arrangement and demonstration have been already tried and approved. The book appears to contain all that is required in a high school or academical course, and for admission to the best Colleges and Scientific Schools in the country. It is calculated to sustain and strengthen the high character and reputation which Greenleaf's Series bears in the minds of the education world.

Brief books like this, embracing all the essentials of a subject in a cheap and comprehensive form, are in active demand at the present day. It may be observed in passing, that the author has not lowered the standard of excellence in scholarship,—he has not emasculated the science in any vain endeavor to make a "simple" book.

A ONE TERM'S COURSE IN LATIN; or, the Study of Latin Simplified and Condensed. By James P. Hoyt. New York, A. S. Barnes & Co.

This method of teaching and learning Latin is based on the principle that most of the grammars should be intelligently read, not blindly committed, and that the essentials of Latin can be presented in a narrow space and learned and applied in a short time. The ideas of the author are excellent, because they are based on sound common sense. The true mode of learning anything is by the principle of gradualism, and not thoroughness; the latter is based on the former.

TALKS ON TEMPERANCE. By Rev. Canon Farrar. New York, National Temperance Society.

This society has recently published the Ten Sermons and Talks by this eminent divine. They are filled with sound convincing arguments against the lawfulness, morality and necessity of the liquor traffic, as well as stirring appeals to all Christian men and women to take a firm, decided, outspoken stand in favor of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. He gives the trumpet no uncertain sound, when he proclaims war against alcohol, but urges every motive, and brings to bear every incentive to enlist recruits from every class. Over forty thousand copies have already been sold in England, and we trust that, with the very low price at which they are sold, they will secure a wide circulation in every community.

A SYSTEM OF PUNCTUATION; For the Use of Schools. By C. W. Butterfield. Madison, Wis., W. J. Park & Co.

This is a concise treatise on grammatical and rhetorical punctuation, intended especially for the use of schools. Notwithstanding this, it is also adapted to the requirements of professional and business men who desire to write or correspond without fear of misapprehension or mistake.

ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH ANALYSIS. Illustrated by a new System of Diagrams. By S. H. Carpenter, Prof. of English in the Univ. of Wisconsin.

This book, the result of the author's experience in the class-room, is designed to assist students, by a system of diagrams, in obtaining the outline structure of sentences, which a thorough knowledge of English grammar demands, thus fixing in the eye and mind the principles of analysis, a correct knowledge of which, as a rule, is wanting among students.

A HISTORY OF THE STEAM ENGINE. By Robert H. Thurston. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

This volume is one of the "International Scientific Series" and is a capital book. Prof. Thurston has given us the results of a long and elaborate examination of the subject, and put it in language that almost any boy can understand. There is no portion of the work but has a direct value. We can see that it must be of service to young engineers and a large class of people who have some knowledge of mechanics. He first gives a history of the idea of using steam, beginning with Hero 200 years B. C. Then he comes down to William of Malmesbury A. D. 1150; then come the names of Cardan, Malthesius, Da Vinci, Kircher, Worcester, Savery, Papin and many others; finally the era of Smeaton, Watt and Stephenson. All kinds of steam engines are represented, and explained. The method of their operation is clearly detailed.

This brief summary will show something of the vast variety of facts presented. No one who wants a really complete account of the great things that steam is doing can afford to be without it. We have perused it with uncommon interest and hope that many may feel the pleasure we have enjoyed. The steam engine—it is a grand subject. Who can estimate its importance! The author tells us that sixty million horses could not do the work now done by the steam engines of the world.

SOUND. By Alfred Marshal Mayer. New York, D. Appleton & Co.

This is the second book of the "Experimental Science Series for Beginners" by Prof. Mayer. It is an improvement on the preceding volume on Light, to which we referred in the JOURNAL a few weeks since. We believe in such books; we believe in this method. We shall welcome the day when the elements of science are taught by means of experiment, and not by books. The cost of the apparatus needed is about \$27. The volume will be especially perfect to teachers and normal students. We cordially recommend it.

STEPPING-STONE TO SINGING. By E. M. Foote and G. S. Shie. Topeka, Kansas, Geo. W. Martin.

The publishing house of Geo. W. Martin has put forth some capital books. Their value consists in their fitness for the school-room. The volume on Writing and Reading Music is a capital volume. Its aim is to present a method for learning to read notes and sing independently in the quickest possible time. It is really the talk of a teacher to his class, and is not a collection of songs. It is a bright and pretty volume and well deserves attention, as it will be found full of genuine help to the teacher.

PORTER & COATES will publish early in November "The Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry," a collection of about one thousand two hundred poems by nearly four hundred authors, edited by Mr. Henry T. Coates, the junior member of the firm. Mr. Coates has been engaged upon the work for a number of years.

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co. have nearly ready the "College Book," by Charles F. Richardson and Henry A. Clark. A very handsome and valuable book it is to be—an illustrated history in brief of twenty-four leading American colleges.

NOVEMBER MAGAZINES.

The *Magazine of American History* for November (A. S. Barnes & Co.), has an article, by Henry Cabot Lodge, entitled the "The Last of the Puritans." The text is the diary of Chief Justice Sewall, who died in 1718, and whose life, as daily recited by himself, was an excellent type of that of his class. The biography is a sketch of the first American Baronet, Sir William Pepperell, the hero of Louisbourg, which he wrested from the French with an army of provincials in 1744, aided by the fleet of Admiral Peter Warren.

St. Nicholas opens, with this month, its sixth year. "Towed by Rail" is a sketch of San Francisco, and will make good reading for the scholars.

Appleton's for this month contains several short stories. "A New Canterbury Pilgrimage," by Julian Hawthorne, is excellent.

Lippincott's index shows a variety of subjects, each found upon reading, well treated. Teachers will turn at

once to "Unwritten Language of the Caucasian Mountaineers," and "Music in America."

W. D. Howell's new story is begun in the *Atlantic*. "Americanisms" by R. G. White, "Home Life on the Brook Farm Association," are worth reading.

The *Rural New Yorker* of Nov. 9th, will illustrate (from life), and describe their free distribution of seeds, comprising varieties that cannot be obtained elsewhere, many having been originated on their extensive experimental farm. This distribution will be equal in value the yearly price of the paper itself. This issue will be sent free to all who may apply. Address, 78 Duane Street, New York.

LETTERS.

To the Editor of the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL:

Sir: I am well aware of your plan, for you are disclosing them pretty plain. It is no more nor less than to take away from the Trustees pretty much all their power, Now I am aware there are many evils under the present system. I have seen them, as plainly as anybody, but I claim the best way is to get good men into office. You must admit there are a great many such. Money has been paid, and a good deal by teachers to get and keep their places, but not under the present Board. Now, sir, the fault is not wholly with the Trustees of New York City. There are plenty of teachers who ought to be spurred up, and that is where you are negligent, I think. Why, I have been a reader of your SCHOOL JOURNAL ever since it was published. I think it of great importance to me. But there are a great many teachers who never read it, I know. They will go and borrow one of the principal and look to see if there is any gossip in it; they do not read it for information. On the whole I believe the schools are just as good as can be made with the present Teachers. No name to be printed if you please.

(Remarks. These few sentences by an active Trustee, have much weight in them. It is a fact that the public schools of this city are well supplied with poor teachers—it must be admitted, even though this is a School Journal and devoted to the interest of teachers—facts are facts. To prove it let facts be submitted. How many make a persistent study of education, its principles and practice? It will be at once answered—very few. But can a teacher teach well without doing it? As well might a physician attempt to practice successfully and know nothing of the science of medicine.)

For the NEW YORK SCHOOL JOURNAL.

"The Schoolmaster Abroad."

THE MINT.

A visit to this institution is one of great interest. The first money coined in the United States was in 1793. The coins made were copper cents. In the following year silver dollars were made. Gold Eagles were made in 1795. The first copper used by the Mint came from England.

Owing to the immense amount of precious metal which is constantly in course of transition from one form to another, and the care and watchfulness necessary to a correct transaction of business, visitors are not permitted to visit some of the departments.

Everything is weighed so nicely and so often that the purloining of the slightest particle would be detected within a few moments after the act had been perpetrated. Upwards of six hundred million dollars worth of gold has been received and weighed in the weighing room. Of this sum about nine-tenths has been received since the first discovery of gold in 1848.

Most of the gold which reaches the Mint at the present time comes from Montana Territory. Previous to the discovery of silver in the territories, the silver used in the Mint came from Mexico and South America. The copper used, principally comes from Lake Superior; the finest is found in Minnesota. The nickel is principally from Lancaster County, Pa.

The largest weight in the Mint is five hundred ounces; the smallest weight is the thirteen-hundredth part of a grain, and can scarcely be seen with the naked eye, unless on a white ground.

The purest gold in this country has been found in the State of Georgia. The largest nugget of gold ever brought to the Mint came from California in 1852, and was worth nearly six thousand dollars in gold. After the precious metal is carefully weighed in the presence of the officers of the Mint, it is locked up in iron boxes, and conveyed to the melting room.

The metal, after being properly mixed with borax, or fluxing material, is placed in pots and melted. It is then poured into iron moulds, and when cool is again carried to the deposit room and re-weighed, after which, a small piece weighing about three pennyweights, is cut off from each deposited lot by the Assayer. From this small piece the fineness of the whole lot is ascertained, and its value calculated.

The gold in its rough state is then ready to be transferred to the Melter and Refiner to be refined and rendered fit for coinage. In the process of assaying, a piece of gold is placed in a black lead pot, covered with borax, to assist the fluxing, and to prevent the oxidation of the alloy. It is thus melted down and stirred, by which a complete mixture is effected, so that an assay piece may be taken and rolled out for the convenience of cutting. It is then taken to the balance scales, which are enclosed in glass cases, and from it is weighed a half gramme, which is the normal assay weight for gold, being about 7.7 grains troy.

Silver is next weighed out for alloying, and as the assay piece, if standard, should contain nine hundred-thousandths of gold, there must be three times this weight of silver. The lead used for cupellation or refining, is kept prepared in thin sheets, cut into square pieces, which should weigh about ten times as much as the gold under assay.

The lead is rolled into the form of a hollow cone, and into this are placed the assay gold and the alloying silver, when the lead is closed around them and pressed into a ball. The furnace being properly heated, and the cupels placed in it and brought to the same temperature, the leaden ball, with its contents, is put into a cupel—a small cup made of burned bones, capable of absorbing base metals—the furnace closed, and the operation allowed to proceed, until all agitation is ceased in the melted metal and its surface has become bright.

The refining being finished, the metal is allowed to cool slowly, and the disc or button which it forms is taken from the cupel. The button is then flattened by a hammer; is annealed and brought to a red heat; is laminated by passing it between rollers, is again annealed, and rolled loosely into a spiral or coil.

In separating and purifying gold it is necessary to add to it a certain quantity of pure silver. The whole is then immersed in nitric acid, which dissolves the silver into a liquid which looks like pure water. The acid does not dissolve the gold, but leaves it pure; the silver solution is then drawn off, leaving the gold at the bottom of the tub. It is then gathered up into pans and washed.

Massachusetts.

John W. Simmons, the able Superintendent of the Milford schools says: "The paramount duty of teachers is to awaken in the minds of their scholars the power of self-action, to kindle a love for study and information, and to encourage them in their efforts for progress, forbids indulgence in any words, looks or expressions which may lead to discouragement.

The management and instruction of "dull" scholars, or those slow of apprehension, may be trying at times but the teacher should allow no indications of uneasiness or disapproval, while the scholar is attentive and making commendable efforts. When there is added to a sluggish temperament, habits of inattention, carelessness, mischievousness if not malice, and irregularity in attendance, then the teacher has a subject especially needing reform and improvement. Such persons excite our sympathies and call for wise and discriminating treatment. Frequently words of advice or instruction, admonition or reproof, administered privately by teachers in a kind and compassionate manner will instill ideas of reform. By this treatment the nobler and better qualities of the pupil's mind are brought into action, and he is encouraged to restrain his malevolent passions, while the teacher is enabled to control the scholar.

Boston.

SUPT. ELIOT'S REPORT.

"A faculty to be called out by the knowledge of numbers and their relations is too often stupefied by the drugs substituted for them. Instead of some conception of the simpler laws of mathematics, our scholars are misled with rules or bewildered with puzzles, until they know neither what they are trying to learn, nor what powers they are trying to use. Geography is less perplexing, but almost equally artificial. Studying the earth does not seem to bewhat it means, but committing to memory lists of names, pointing

out spots upon maps, perhaps drawing a map without any vision of the land or sea which it nominally represents. Most of the geographies contain an extraordinary amount of matter, not only useless to the few who can master it, but injurious to the many who cannot. History stands like a skeleton in many a school. Far from recalling the past, it frightens it away to return no more. Text-books have much of this to answer for; but not all. The best text-book in history ever printed would be a hindrance, if it were used alone, so that those using it were led to think that the movements or characters it describes are shut in between its two covers. It is still worse if they are supposed to be understood by mere repetition of the description. Perhaps the best plan is to have no text-book, but only reading-books in history. One of the things which most struck a recent English visitor to some German schools was his never seeing a book in the hands of a teacher while teaching.

"Studies too generally conform to examinations. Teachers and pupils are induced, not to say obliged, to shape their work according to the tests they expect to be applied to it. Questions which, unanswered, prevent a study from being brought to a successful end, necessarily determine its beginning and its continuance. It becomes us, therefore, so far as we have any hand in examining, to examine in such a way as to show our respect, and encourage others in theirs, for the course that has been laid out. We should content ourselves with the subjects which it has brought into prominence, and which the average pupil may be supposed to have mastered. Subjects rather than separate facts should be the staple of our examination papers, and those whom we examine should be told to treat them freely as well as fully, with a grasp of the principles and relations which they involve. In short, we should treat our pupils as we would wish to be treated ourselves, and ask them what they may be expected to like; rather than dislike, to be asked. We should never question them on points beyond their training.

"It is, also, to be wished that examinations would have more concern for studies yet to come. The two, as a general rule, have little or no connection, ending on the one hand, or beginning on the other, as if they stood alone. Not one in a hundred examined retains any wish to know more of the subject under examination. The great majority are weary of it, perhaps mortified about it, and look back as to a bad dream from which they have waked, never, they hope, to dream it again. Who thinks this right? Who doubts that the object of an examination is missed, if it does not leave the scholar in the mood of continuing the study which he has begun, however successful he may have been? Is the examination really 'the be-all and the end-all'? Or have we made it so, without thinking of the blank wall we are building right up against our children's faces? The kinship of study to study, the attractiveness of each increasing as the course goes on, the charm of knowledge growing more and more winning; in short, the highest rewards of learning, all run the risk of being lost."

(The Juggernaut of examinations has got under full headway and many victims will writhe under its wheels; but by-and-by these true words will be heeded.)

"They use hard words about examinations in England. Canon Barry laments 'the almost fanatical belief in them.' Mr. F. W. Newman speaks of their 'spreading as a leprosy,' and Prof. Huxley calls them 'the educational abomination of desolation of the present day.'

"It is only by using examinations helpfully that we can make them helpful. Adapted as they should be to what precedes, and what is to follow after them, too moderate to injure health of mind or body, true to their own functions, they are among the most serviceable of our agencies. Like everything else that is good, like exercise, like study, like enthusiasm, they can be perverted, and then they turn into evil. Just as any other burdens, these may bend the shoulders and break the spirit, or they may be borne upon uplifted head and with buoyant heart.

"In moderating the requirements of our educational system, we shall find opportunity of improving the moral tone of the schools. Half the temptation to dishonesty, to which too many children are constantly yielding, would disappear with the strain to which I have been objecting. Other good qualities besides truthfulness would have a better chance of cultivation. Courage, vigor, thoroughness in detail, especially in that which is comparatively unobtrusive, high-mindedness in generalization; these are results of infinitely greater value than the highest percentages. They cannot grow, indeed they cannot live, under

the driving wind that has been allowed to sweep through our schools.

"There is something absolutely wrong in shutting up a pupil within the pages of a book, or the limits of any exercise, long after his work is done, merely because the work of his fellow pupils is not done. If we drag him down so completely to their level, he can do nothing to lift them a hair's breadth to his; his, indeed, ceases to be his, and the brightness he brought with him into the school may be extinguished, perhaps for life. Our promotions should be not merely bolts drawn against the slower or the idler children, but also swinging gates through which the quick and the earnest can go forth rejoicing." (Pupils should be advanced every week instead of every months.)

"But it is best for every child and for every parent that education should cost something, and that frugality and self denial should be as necessary to obtain it as to get food or clothing or shelter. The salaries of our teachers, instead of being the first expenses to be cut down, ought to be the very last. We can get on without vast buildings or materials; we can wait for better times to fill our libraries or our collections; we can part forever with drills, exhibitions and festivals, or with all that is expensive about them; but we must have men and women, whom nature as well as training has made teachers; we must have the heads and the hearts that are not found wherever we seek them; we must have the personal force which is beyond all other forces, in earth as well as heaven. If everything else were sold that we might have these treasures, they would not cost too dear. Economy beginning with them is not economy, but wastefulness.

(These words should be engraved in marble and put up in the rooms of every Board of Education.)

"How it ever came to pass, or how, having come to pass, it has since been tolerated, that primary teachers should be thought worth less than others, or that their pupils should be thought as well of with inferior as with superior instruction, seems difficult to explain. Of this we may be as sure as we can be of anything, that we must choose our primary teachers from the very best candidates who offer themselves, the best in culture, the best in skill, and, when we have chosen them, honor them as their high calling merits, until the whole community appreciates how sacred a charge is that of the little children. It would be an improvement, in my opinion, and perhaps the greatest single improvement to be made in our system, were a few men of character and education employed exclusively in primary instruction.

The Bible, driven out of other schools as if it were a source of evil, remains in our schools a source of good. One thing in it, or the natural use of one thing in it, has been taken away, for reasons doubtless sufficient to those who removed it, but insufficient, oh! how utterly insufficient to many of those from whom it was withdrawn. Can it not be restored? Cannot the Lord's Prayer again be repeated, as it used to be, and the opening of the morning session become once more devotional? I am sure that if either teachers or pupils were consulted, not one who had ever felt his daily studies lightened by asking a blessing upon them, but would plead for being permitted once more to arise and go unto our Father. Schools can never be wholly secular. Prayer, or common prayer, can be hushed in them, and all their immediate lessons can be drawn from the invisible to the visible. But their intimate teaching leads on beyond all bounds of sight or time, and carries, or aids in carrying back the soul to him who gave it."

(These are old fashioned sentiments, of which this age is getting ashamed. Let them assure us again that teaching is not a commercial affair—but one of serious earnestness, and demands earnest and serious men and women to do it.)

The Schoolmaster.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their book; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions), to their general rules.

1. *Those that are ingenious and industrious.* The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presages much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping and a whipping a death; yea, when their master whip them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with gentleness.

2. *Those that are ingenious and idle.* These think with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails,—so they count the rest of their school-fellows—they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. *Those that are dull and diligent.* Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they are classified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright and squared and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas, orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures in youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore the dullness at first be borne with, if they be diligent. The schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in the world can make their parts who are naturally sluggish use one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. *Those that are invincibly dull and negligent also.* Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he assigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatbuilders will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. These may make excellent merchants and mechanics who will not serve as scholars.—THOMAS FULLER.

Public Schools in London.

In 1870 it was found that there were 150,000 children of the proper age excluded for want of room in the existing schools. This the School-Board determined to remedy, by erecting more school houses. By September of 1874, there were 65 new schools opened for 61,985 pupils, 35 more under way for 26,736 children, and sites designated for 34 school houses to accommodate 20,207 more; in all, 134 school buildings for 108,930 children. The cost of the sixty-five school houses was less than fifty dollars per pupil. The school rooms were fitted up for classes of fifty, sixty, seventy, and eighty scholars, and the school houses planned so that there would be six with 250 children, twenty-five with 500, twenty-five with 750, forty-three with 1,000, thirty-two with 1,250, and three with 1,500. The School Board also took charge of eighty-four old schools, with 24,000 pupils, with room for 15,000 more, and these school houses were used by day for children, in the evening for adults for instruction in science and the mechanic arts.

There are 243 male and 341 female teachers holding certificates, 791 pupil teachers, and about 500 on trial. The number of pupils registered is 343,102, and the average attendance 256,391.

The children in all these schools in London pay, and 15,000 of the scholars that had formerly gone to schools provided for the poor free of cost now pay every Monday their penny. The School Boards receive from 28,000 children one penny weekly, from 48,000 two pence and three pence, from 3,000 four pence, and from 1,000 six pence. Of 1,325 families who stopped their payments, five hundred recommenced, and 558 children were exempt on account of their extreme poverty. The law of compulsory attendance was enforced by the aid of visitors, whose best labor was in securing a large voluntary increase and in making the public schools deservedly popular.

The London School Board exercises its supervision over private schools, and with such an effect that, in 1875, there were 85,000 pupils in them under their regulations, with a marked improvement in all respects. It has a limited power over the children left to run wild in the streets, and it has put over 3,000 of them at industrial schools or on Training Ships.

The School Board still has a great work to do, for there are still 190,000 children either abandoned by their parents and given to vagabondage, or badly taught in inferior schools. The plan is to increase by seven hundred annually the list of their pupils, and to build ten new school houses every year to house them properly. The great merit of the London School Board is that it has carried its system into effect so thoroughly and so well that there has been little real difficulty in applying the law under which it exists, and in enforcing its provisions so as to secure the support of the vast population living under it, and its schools are filled with the children without distinction of fortune or position, while they are opened to those who hitherto were condemned to grow up in ignorance or vice.

Golden Thoughts.

(One to be written on the blackboard each morning to be learned and copied by the pupils.)

(One to be written upon the blackboard each day, and learned by the pupils.)

VALUE the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.—*Ledger*.

PEACE promotes science, art, mechanism, and the accumulation of large fortunes; while the increased thrift which long peace gives any community affords the members of it more time for reflection, and for the contemplation of the highest truths which can engage the human mind.—*Dr. Hall*.

The human heart is like heaven; the more angels, the more room.—*Frederika Bremer*.

Nor because I raise myself above something, but because I raise myself to something, do I approve myself.—*F. H. Jacob*.

THE universe is but one great city, full of beloved ones, divine and, by nature endeared to each other.—*Epicurus*.

Nor the failures of others, nor their sins of commission or omission, but his own misdeeds and negligence should a wise man take notice of.—*Dhammapado*.

Words are things; and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.—*Byron*.

A WISE man's thoughts walk within him, but a fool's without.

HAPPINESS is in taste, and not in things themselves; we are happy in possessing what we like, not from possessing what others like.

THERE is never but one opportunity of a kind.—*Thoreau*.

THE fool hath planted his memory with an army of words. *Shakespeare*.

HABITS of meekness, gentleness, charity, deep and pure and enduring, must be begun here, that they may be completed in heaven.

THE happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts, therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notion unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

A GOOD aim, well kept to, is a good deed. To live with a good ideal is a successful life. It is not what one does, but what he tries to do, that makes the soul strong and fit for a noble career. All life is a discipline; and if we are brought to take God's will as our own, we gain the highest success that is possible to a man.

NEVER repine at the fortune of others; for many are they that wish to be raised to your situation.—*Persian Poet*.

MAKE good use of time; yesterday cannot be recalled, to-morrow cannot be secured—to-day is thine, which, if lost is lost forever.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy or there is none.
If there is one, go and find it;
If there is none never mind it.

'Tis an old maxim of the schools,
That flattery is the food of fools;
Yet now and then your men of wit,
Will condescend to take a bit

It is good to be kin to the noble and great,
It is good to be heir to a vast estate,
But 'tis better yet, I think, don't you?
To be able to paddle your own canoe.

In days of joy or days of woe,
In fortune high or fortune low,
This be thy creed for friend or foe,
Gather the roses as you go.

Time was is past, thou canst not it recall;
Time is thou hast, employ the portion small;
Time future is not, and may never be;
Time present is the only time for thee.

THE Dime Entertainments at the Cooper Institute, reopened October 15, under the auspices of the American Literary Bureau, Messrs. Charles Mumford and J. P. Vale, managers. The house was full and the programme very entertaining. Mr. Burbank read in his old style, Miss Douglass sang beautifully and Mr. Carrington played remarkably on the drum. We give a warm welcome to these entertainments, because the price at which they are placed, enable all persons of moderate means to hear some of the best talent in the country.

A City at Night.

A DECLAMATION.

The clock has just struck two; the laborious and the happy are at rest; and nothing wakes but meditation, guilt, revelry and despair. The drunkard once more fills up the destroying bowl; the robber walks his midnight round; and the suicide lifts his guilty arm against his own sacred person. The student wastes the night hours over the pages of antiquity, or the sallies of contemporary genius with her own importunities. Let us pause and consider. What a gloom hangs all around! The dying lamp feebly emits a yellow gleam; no sound is heard but of the chiming clock or the distant watch-dog; or the rumble of a slow moving wagon; the bustle of human pride is for gotten. An hour like this may well display the emptiness of human vanity. There will come a time when this temporary solitude may be made continual, and the city itself, like its inhabitants, fade away and leave a desert in its room. What cities are great as this, have once triumphed in existence, had their victories as great joy as just and as unbounded and, with short sighted presumption, promised themselves immortality! Posterity can hardly trace the situation of some; the sorrowful traveler wonders over the awful ruins of others; and, as he beholds, he learns wisdom and feels the transience of sublimity. "Here," he cries, "stood their citadel, now grown over with weeds; there their senate-house, but now the haunt of every noxious reptile. Temples and theatres stood here, now only an undistinguishable heap of ruin." They are fallen, for luxury and avarice made them feeble. The rewards of the state were conferred on the ambitious, and not on useful members of society. Their riches and opulence invited invasion from without or treachery within; and though at first repulsed, returned again, and finally conquered. Such may be our fate. There is a night to nations as well as to fleeting moments of the day.—*GOLDSMITH*.

Antony's Address.

DIALOGUE—FOR TWO VOICES.

[One enters and makes ready to recite after the usual pattern. The other has a hat on, and sits on a box in a free and easy style, and puts in the remarks—these must follow promptly. No. 1 must not seem to expect them, but to be taken by surprise. When it is finished No. 1 must bow elegantly; the other must attempt to do so in burlesque. The whole will turn in the contrast between the two.]

No. 1. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears—
2. He'll return them next Saturday.
1. I come to bury Caesar—
2. That's because his folks are poor and cannot hire an undertaker.

1. The evil that men do live after them.
2. That's so—their progeny cut a swell on their life insurance.

1. So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus told you Caesar was ambitious.

2. What does Brutus know about it—it is none of his funeral, would that it were!

1. Here, under leave of you, I come to speak at Caesar's funeral. He was my friend, faithful and just to me.

2. Yes, he loaned you five dollars once, and signed your petition for a post office.

1. But Brutus says he was ambitious—
2. Brutus should pull down his vest.

1. Caesar hath brought many captives home to Rome.
2. He got them here to vote for him when he ran for mayor.

1. When the poor hath cried, Caesar hath wept.
2. Because it did not cost him anything and made him solid with the masses.

1. Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. Yet Brutus says he was ambitious.

2. Brutus is a liar and I can prove it.
1. You all did see that on the Lupercal I thrice presented him with a kingly crown, which thrice he did refuse.

2. Because it didn't fit him well.
1. If you have tears prepare to shed them now.

2. Yes, I weep, ha ha, ha!
1. You all do know this—
2. Ulster (holding it up).

1. I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on 'twas on a summer's evening in his tent.

2. The thermometer registering ninety degrees in the shade. Oh I know that ulster (holding it up) well. It cost him seven dollars at Marcus Schwatzmeyer's corner of Fulton and Ferry streets. Old Swatzy wanted forty dollars, but finally came down to seven dollars.

1. Look! in this place ran Cassius dagger through.
2. He always was knocking around lively.

1. And when he plucked his cursed steel away, mark, how the blood of Caesar followed it.
2. Hit him again.

1. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts, Brutus—
2. Oh! if he had his deserts he would be in the penitentiary, and don't you forget it.

1. Kind friends, sweet friends, I do not wish to stir you up to such a sudden flood of mutiny.

2. That makes me think it looks like rain and so the pallbearers had better put him in the hearse. (Rises.)
1 and 2. And bury him.

Stories From Homer.

Hector was troubled to hear the news, and so were all the sons of Troy, for Sarpedon was the bravest of the allies, and led most people to the battle. So with a great shout they charged and drove the Greeks back a space from the body; and then again the Greeks did the like. And so the battle raged, till no one would have known the great Sarpedon, so covered was he with spears and blood and dust. But at last the Greeks drove back the men of Troy from the body, and stripped the arms, but the body itself they harmed not. For Apollo came down at the bidding of Zeus and carried it out of the midst of the battle, and washed it with water, and anointed it with ambro-

sia, and wrapped it in garments of the gods. And then gave it to Sleep and Death, and these two carried it to Lycia, his fatherland.

Then did Patroclus forget the word which Achilles had spoken to him, that he should not go near to Troy, for he pursued the men of the city even to the wall. Thrice he mounted on the angle of the wall, and thrice Apollo drove him back, pushing his shining shield. But the fourth time the god said, "Go thou back, Patroclus. It is not for thee to take the city of Troy; no, nor for Achilles, who is far better than thou art."

So Patroclus went back, fearing the wrath of the archer god. Then Apollo stirred up the spirit of Hector, that he should go against Patroclus. Therefore he went, with his brother Cebriones for driver of his chariot. But when they came near, Patroclus cast a great stone which he had in his hand, and smote Cebriones on the forehead, crushing it in, so that he fell headlong from the chariot. And Patroclus mocked him, saying—

"How nimble is this man! how lightly he dives! What spoil he would take of oysters diving from a ship, even in a stormy sea! Who would have thought that there were such skillful divers in Troy!"

Then again the battle waxed hot about the body of Cebriones, and this too, at the last, the Greeks drew unto themselves, and spoiled it of the arms. And this being accomplished, Patroclus rushed against the men of Troy. Thrice he rushed, and each time he slew nine chiefs of fame. But the fourth time Apollo stood behind him and struck him on the head and shoulders, so that his eyes were darkened. And the helmet fell from off his head, so that the horsehair plumes were soiled with dust. Never before had it touched the ground for it was the helmet of Achilles. And also the god brake the spear in his hand, and struck the shield from his arms, and loosed his corselet. All amazed he stood, and then Euphorbus, son of Panthous, smote him on the back with his spear, but slew him not. Then Patroclus sought to flee to the ranks of his comrades. But Hector saw him, and thrust at him with his spear, smiting him in the groin, so that he fell. And when the Greeks saw him fall, they sent up a terrible cry. Then Hector stood over him and cried—

"Dida! thou think to spoil our city, Patroclus, and to carry away our wives and daughters in the ships?"

But Patroclus answered, "Thou boastest much, Hector. And mark thou this: death and fate are close to thee by the hand of the great Achilles."

Then did Hector strip of the arms of Patroclus, the arms which the great Achilles had given him to wear, and put on the armor himself (but Zeus saw him doing it, and liked it not), and came back to the battle; and all who saw him thought that it had been the great Achilles himself. Then they all charged together, and fiercer grew the battle and fiercer as the day went on. For the Greeks said one to another, "Now had the earth better yawn and swallow us up alive, than we should let the men of Troy carry off Patroclus to their city;" and the Trojans said, "Now if we must all fall by the body of this man, we will not yield." But the horses of Achilles stood apart from the battle, when they knew that Patroclus was dead, and wept. Nor could Automedon move them with the lash, nor with gentle words, nor with threats. They would not return to the ships, nor would they go into the battle; but as a pillar stands on the tomb of some dead man, so they stood, with their heads drooped to the ground, with the big tears dropping to the ground, and their manes trailing in the dust.

But in the mean time Antilochus came near to Achilles, who, indeed, seeing that the Greeks fled and the men of Troy pursued, was already sore afraid. And he said, weeping as he spake—

"I bring ill news—Patroclus lies low. The Greeks fight for his body, but Hector has his arms."

Then Achilles took of the dust of the plain in his hands, and poured it on his head, and lay at his length upon the ground, and tare his hair. And all the women wailed. And Antilochus sat weeping; but ever he held the hands of Achilles, lest he should slay himself in his great grief.

And Achilles spake in great wrath, "Would that I might die this hour, seeing that I could not help my friend, but am a burden on the earth—I, who am better in battle than all the Greeks besides. Cursed be the wrath that sets men to strive with the other, even as it set me to strive with King Agamemnon! But let the past be past. And as for my fate—let it come when it may, so that I first avenge myself on Hector. Wherefore seek not to keep me back from the battle."

Then went he to the trench; with the battle he mingled not, heeding his mother's commands, but he shouted aloud, and his voice was as the sound of a trumpet. And when the men of Troy heard, they were stricken with fear, and the horses backed with the chariots, and the drivers were astonished when they saw the flaming fire above his head which Athene had kindled. Thrice across the trench the great Achilles shouted, and thrice the men of Troy fell back. And that hour there perished twelve chiefs of fame, wounded by their own spears or trampled by their own steeds, so great was the terror among the men of Troy.

Right gladly did the Greeks take Patroclus out of the press. Then they laid him on a bier and carried him to the tent, Achilles walking with many tears by his side, and said—

"Vain was the promise that I made to Menestius that I would bring back his son with his portion of the spoils of Troy. But Zeus fulfils not the thoughts of man. For he lies dead, nor shall I return to the house of Peleus, my father, for I, too, must die in this land. But thee, Oh Patroclus, I will not bury till I bring hither the head and arms of Hector, and twelve men of Troy to slay at thy funeral pile."

So they washed the body of Patroclus and anointed it, putting ointment into the wounds, and laid it on a bed, and covered it with a veil from the head to the feet.

Then went Thetis to the palace of Hephaestus, to pray him that he would make arms for her son.

Then said Hephaestus, "Be of good cheer: I will make what thou askest. Would that I could as easily keep from him the doom of death."

Then Hephaestus wrought at his forge. And first of all he made a mighty shield. On it he wrought the earth, and the sky and the sea, and the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. He wrought also two cities. In one there was peace, and about the other there was war. Besides the shield, he also made a corselet brighter than fire, and a helmet with a crest of gold, and greaves of tin.

But all the while Achilles sat mourning for Patroclus, and his comrades wept about him. And at dawn Thetis brought him the arms and laid them before him. Loud they rattled on the ground and all the Myrmidons trembled to hear; but when Achilles saw them his eyes blazed fire, and he rejoiced in his heart.

Then Achilles went along the shore and called the Greeks to an assembly, shouting mightily; and all, even those who were wont to abide in the ships, listened to his voice and came. So the assembly was gathered, and Achilles stood up in the midst, saying that he had put away his wrath; and King Agamemnon, sitting on his throne (for his wound hindered him from standing), said that he repented him of the wrong which he had done, only that Zeus had turned his thoughts to folly; but now he would give to Achilles all that Ulysses had promised on his behalf.—*Scholar's Companion*.

How to Entertain a Friend.

BY HELEN RANDOLPH.

When your grandmothers were little girls, and they went to visit their young friends, they always took sewing with them: patch-work, knitting or a "sampler," and, while they talked, a "square" would be finished, a heel turned or a new letter worked. But now things have changed, and although some girls still carry crocheting or fancy-work to keep their hands busy, many do not. Boys often, when entering the home of a comrade to spend an afternoon, immediately take a book and become oblivious to what is going on. They forget the rule that visitors are bound to make themselves agreeable, and seem to think that others have no claim upon their society. At some houses, however, there is nothing to do when company comes, or the children appear to have that idea; but do not let that be your case, dear reader.

If your friend likes music, show him what you have practised lately; tell him of something you have recently read upon the subject; what new piece you have heard. Try a duet or song with him. If you have a flower-garden, take him to see it and describe your success with your flowers, how they came in your possession; which are your favorites; which bloom the most. Perhaps he would like to work among them himself; if so, you will find another source of enjoyment. Some young people like to collect curiosities. I used to be on the lookout for things ancient or queer, and kept a small blank book in which I pasted scraps pertaining to anything of the kind, which I cut from papers. I had a box which was formerly my brother's tool-chest, and in this I had compartments for the various articles. A round box held coins of different countries; another, specimens of minerals, all of which I took great pride in labeling. I had a tiny Japanese idol and a whale's tooth, on which a sailor had sketched with a pen. My schoolmates soon learned the cause of the eager attention which I paid to ancient history, and they began to gather together curious things. So whenever we met, the first question would be, "Got anything more?" and the short visits we made at one another's houses were full of pleasure. Finally, we put the contents of all our cabinets together, and made a museum for our school.

A scrap-book is a continual delight. Get a friend to help you construct it, for "two heads are better than one." If you have not a bought book, take an old geography, cut out the leaves an inch from the binding, and paste on the stubs pieces of smooth brown paper, size of the cover. On these arrange pictures, stories, poetry, etc., in a neat manner. The preparing of this is an amusement, and it becomes more valuable with age.

A stamp-album is a nice thing for a boy to have. A blank book, with the names of different countries written on each

page, is an inexpensive way of making one. Photograph and autograph albums take the place of stamps, with girls; they are very diverting—the photographs, not the girls. Then if you take a paper or magazine which your friend does (and which, if you live near together, you will be pretty sure to do) you have the stories and the characters portrayed, to discuss. Puzzles are in almost every periodical, and these are most fascinating work, especially with the fun that two are sure to find in disentangling them. Books are always entertaining, and if you find you have something to do which calls you from the room, place one which you are certain is good in your friend's hands, and he will be much more gratified than if left alone with nothing to do.

Try some of these plans for treating your company, my boys and girls, and besides enjoying yourself, you will be giving pleasure to others.—*Scholar's Companion*.

LOVE AND LETTERS.

BY UNCLE ALDEN.

My sister Sarah and myself were first introduced to the twenty-six staring strangers of the Alphabet by our grandmother. Two of the strangers, B and D, were a source of great trouble to sister Sarah, who could not distinguish them, nor remember their names. At last grandma, thrown upon her resources for an expedient, took the two offending letters and pasted one upon each of the thumbs of sister's hand. Then she was told to distinguish them as the B hand and the D hand. This plan promised well, and bid fair to overcome the difficulty, when an unforeseen accident overthrew this well-laid scheme.

The second day Sarah came running into the house in consternation, crying—

"Grandma! grandma! I've swallowed D. What shall I do! I've swallowed D!"

Grandma endeavored to calm her, telling her that no harm was done, when sister exclaimed in triumph:

"I guess I've got it now, any how, for it's in my stomach."

This first dark page of our lives at last was turned, and progress increased when we saw the same strangers, whom we expected never to meet again, assorted into pairs of Ab's and Ba's, and go waltzing down the page, led off by jolly Baker, with his rolls upon his head, and brought up suddenly at the bottom by a stern Quaker standing as stiff as his staff.

Our next step was to attend the select school, as it was called, for young children. Pretty Miss Fraser was our teacher. How kind and gentle, and loving, she was! I fell in love with her the first day. Thus it came about: I sat on the front seat and being unaccustomed to the confinement, and the afternoon being warm, I fell asleep and fell off from the seat. The older scholars laughed, while I was confused and frightened, and ready to cry. Then the teacher hushed the children and drew me to herself, and let me hide my confusion in her arms and gently soothed and reassured me. Ever after, my seat was by her side. She called me her little man, and I was her most devoted admirer from that hour. My heart was given to her as truly as ever man's affection was bestowed on woman. The difference of age never occurred to me. I was old enough to love and she certainly not too old to be loved. What halcyon days those were! How gently she led me into the various paths of knowledge! How patiently she guided my untaught hand across the fly-tracked page of my copy book! That old book, I have it yet, and though I have spoiled many pages of foolscap since, none are so dear to me as that old book, with its strange hieroglyphics, amid which I can faintly trace the delicate characters of my teacher's hand.

Arithmetic with its pictured title page, representing the temple of learning, on which might well be written the Dantean legend, "All happiness abandon ye who enter here" and enclosing in grim sarcasm, a group of happy, well-dressed children, with large slates in their hands, as if making figures was the chief end of man; arithmetic, the bridge of sighs that leads from the enchanted island of childhood into the prison-house of school, was divested of all its terrors in the hands of my gentle teacher. Thus I was enabled to grapple, at once with Colburn's famous conundrum, "How many thumbs have you on your right hand, and how many on your left?" and even to contemplate the more profound problem, "How many toes on all your feet?" With patient assiduity and wise condescension, all the crooked paths were made straight, and, in the beginning at least, I found a royal road to learning; for love made it pleasant. A frequent expression of my regard was to bring to the teacher the largest and reddest penny I could find. Yet it was never despised. "How beautiful, how sweet!" she would exclaim and place it on her desk, where it would remain all day, the most conspicuous object in the room, and reflecting at times a faint glow upon my teacher's pale face, when she was more than usually tired. My love was not selfish. I wished all to love her too, and if I heard a light word of her among my schoolmates it called a blush to my cheek and a pain to my heart far greater than if said of myself. Yet I could not resent it. Her name to me was too dear to be lightly mentioned. Alas! true love does not run smooth. One day an intruder came. A young man with red hair and whiskers visited our school-room and seemed on fa-

miliar terms with our teacher. He addressed us in pompous style, and told us to be good children and love our teacher: for we might not have her long, with a side glance at her which called the red to her cheek. That bare suggestion filled me with vague alarm. It had never occurred to me that she was not to be always our teacher. Another circumstance tended to increase my fears. After school, I saw them in close conversation, and when he left I heard something much like a kiss. There was nothing in that to trouble me; for I loved to kiss her myself, and saw no reason why others should not have the same privilege; but there was an air of affection about him as if she belonged to himself alone. These feelings made me feel very unhappy, yet I could not tell why. Often the tears would start to my eyes, and my teacher would inquire the cause; but in vain. She became doubly affectionate, and I began to feel reassured, when I heard that she was soon to be married. That troubled me little until there was added the announcement that she was to leave our village at the close of the term. "And never coming back?" I cried with a breaking heart. The "last day" came, a day full of pleasure to most scholars, but to me it seemed the last day of the world. I could not look beyond. I thought I should not live; but the promise of my teacher, as I clung about her neck in despair, that she would return, gave me a little hope, though "next summer" seemed an eternity to me. She is gone. Dear, sweet Miss Fraser! I have never seen her since. Whether she went to a happy home and a long life, or has already gone to her eternal home, I know not. But wherever she may be, my love and memory follow her, while her name will ever linger with sweetest fragrance in the garden of my childhood, hallowed by the recollection of my earliest love.—*Scholar's Companion*.

GOOD ADVICE CORNER.—No. III.

Let no one be discouraged by any obstacles. The greatest works have been accomplished by those who have had to contend with some misfortune. You all know Milton and Homer were blind, but I shall tell you of one nearer by—Prof. Nelson. He entered college in health and strength, but just as he had finished he found his eyesight was gone—blind when he was twenty years old! But, mark you, he was not discouraged. He was penniless and had two sisters leaning on him for support. He set to work to complete his classical education; his sisters read aloud from the classical authors; and in a short time he became master of their contents. At one time a dispute arose between him and a learned scholar about the meaning of a passage in Virgil; the existence of a comma was cited as against Mr. Nelson's translation.

"True," said he, "but in my *Heyne* (recognized as a standard edition, it is a *colon*."

He soon established a school for classical education; his reputation spread daily; scholars flocked to him in crowds, and in a few years he found himself in possession of a handsome income. He was at one time chosen as professor of Greek and Latin in Rutgers College.

You have heard of Euler, the celebrated mathematician. He wrote and calculated so much that he became blind; yet he went on as industriously as ever, and his *Elements of Algebra*, which has been used in almost every school and college, was dictated by him when blind. He published twenty-nine volumes in the Latin language alone.

Besides, do not think it is ever too late to begin to learn. I will tell you why. Alfred the Great was twelve years old before he learned his letters. His mother showed her children a volume adorned with colored letters, and promised to give it to the one who would first learn to read; Alfred was the youngest, and was the only one who had the spirit to attempt to gain the prize on such conditions; at least he it was who actually won it. The great French dramatist Moliere could hardly read and write when he was fourteen years of age. Valerianus was fifteen before he began to learn to read; he was a domestic servant and yet became one of the most elegant scholars of his time. Van der Vondel was a hosier, but when he was twenty-six years of age felt a desire to do something better and commenced to learn Latin and Greek. He was the author of many volumes of Dutch poetry, in fact he occupies the very highest place in the literature of his country. Then there was John Ogilby, the translator of Homer. He was originally a dancing master; he commenced his studies when he was forty years of age, and undertook the translation of Virgil. Encouraged by his success, in his fifty-fourth year he commenced the study of Greek and then translated the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. You all know that Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and learned three or four languages while blowing the bellows. In conclusion, it may be asserted that "where there is a will there is a way." He has genius and will succeed who will labor; the test of his genius is in his willingness to work.—*Scholar's Companion*.

"Lies! Big Lies!"

Not so fast my friend; for if you would see the strong, healthy, blooming men, women and children that have been raised from beds of sickness, suffering and almost death, by the use of Hop Bitters, you would say, "Truth, glorious truth." See "Truths," in another column.